WOMAN'S WORLD.

INTENSITY OF A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE TO EARN A LIVING.

Australian Women's College—The Care of Children—Gracious Empress Elizabeth. Divided Skirts—She Tells Ghost Stories. A Colored Woman Lawyer.

The following instance is an illustration of the difficulty girls find everywhere obtaining employment. A woman of 35, with considerable experience in sickness and nursing, is advised by a doctor whom she meets in a sickroom in Cincinnati to take the course for trained nurses in the hospital there. This she does; but, being obliged on account of family affairs to return to Boston, she meets the discouraging news that there are in that city alone 150 trained nurses out of employment, and, as she says, there would probably be as any more before she could complete her course.

This struggle for a living, in spite of all the new avenues open to women, is everywhere evident. Says one bachelor girl, "I have accomplishments, but I find as a rule they are of less value than a strong specialty." Such a girl may sometimes use an accomplishment to advantage in connection with a specialty, and so she should not despair. For instance, if one is conversant with French, German or Spanish, she should at once learn typewriting and stenography. With this business equipment she ought to obtain a lucrative position. On the other hand, a first class stenographer and typewriter may strengthen her hold on the business world by learning as soon as possible one or more modern languages. A girl who lost her position in a lawyer's establishment because her services could no longer be afforded owing to the hard times rented desk room in a large building devoted to offices and business headquarters and advertised by circulars distributed to do typewriting. She now employs an assistant, and both are making a good living. The employer who could not afford to pay her for her whole time was very glad of her services at different times and was also glad to recommend her to others in the same predicament as himself, because her work was invariably good, and she could be relied upon to keep an engagement.

Promptness and energy will conquer no end of obstacles in the commercial world of a large city. Women with new ideas must also have the courage to carry them out. A girl needing money laughingly suggested the other day that she put out a sign, "Cats, dogs and plants boarded for the summer." The idea suggested itself from the dilemma of many city people who do not know what to do with their pets during their vacation tours. Of course she was laughed at, but the scheme might pay well if tried. This is not more novel or fanciful than many schemes for making money which English women undertake. Such advertisements as the following are frequent in English papers, where they cause no surprise: "Board for several young ladies. Lessons in housekeeping given if desired." "Orders received for furnishing dolls' houses artistically." Or: "Fruits preserved. Orders received by mail." There are agricultural schools in England where pupils may take advanced courses in dairy work, making such an announcement possible, "Miss R. M. Armstrong has been appointed senior instructress in butter making to the Cumberland county council."

Tutoring is not a new way of earning money for educated girls. One college graduate, however, in New York city has a plan which makes tutoring only a means to an end. She came to the city from a county town and gave the best of references to several school agencies where she applied for chances to teach private pupils. While engaged in this work she herself is taking German in a well known school of languages, in hopes to find finally in Paris or some German metropolis a position to teach her own language. Through Pratt and other similar schools in Baltimore and Boston women capable with the needle and well enough educated to teach classes in sewing are finding such positions lucrative. A woman just graduated from the advanced course in dressmaking at Pratt has been offered a position as teacher in a new school in another city at a salary of $700 a year, her duties requiring her presence in the classroom only so many hours a week. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Australian Women's College.

Sydney university, New South Wales, has shown its progressive spirit by making exactly the same provision for women as students as it has made for men. In no other part of the British empire have government and university shown to women such conspicuous generosity and justice in the matter of higher education. In 1881 women were admitted freely to all courses in the university. In 1884, by the extension act, it was decided that all benefits and advantages of the university should extend to women equally with men, and three years later, to give full effect to this decision, it was determined to build a woman's residential college on an exactly similar foundation to that of the three colleges for men.

Two years ago Miss Louisa Macdonald, M. A., London, fellow of University college, was appointed principal, and the college was temporarily placed at Glebe Point, a near suburb of Sydney. Five thousand pounds were granted by the government, £5,000 were subscribed, and since then, through all the financial difficulties of the colony, the work has steadily gone on.

The new residential college is extremely handsome externally. Inside the arrangements for the health and comfort of the students and for minimizing necessary service are really admirable. Everything has been planned as much with a view to the needs of a hot climate as for the education of young women in appreciation of really good and artistic surroundings. The dining hall, 71 feet long by 25 broad and 25 feet high, is paneled with dark Australian cedar—a beautiful wood—and lighted by windows of very pleasing stained glass. The ceiling is dome shaped. At one end is a broad dais. The line of wall is broken by a semicircular recess, benched with cedar. The floor is stained conformably with the tone of the panels, and the total effect is rich and sober.

The students' rooms are 24 in number and are alike in all respects. They are 13 feet in height by 14 and 16 in length and breadth respectively. The furniture is of walnut, of excellent workmanship and especial design. The cupboards and chimney pieces and all the woodwork of walls and windows and doors are painted in two shades of cold dark green, very refreshing in a land of intense sunshine. Fanlights, ventilators and French windows insure a free current of air throughout the house. Gas stoves insure cleanliness. Six bathrooms provide one of the greatest luxuries of subtropical Sydney, unlimited water. There are three tennis courts, two of grass, one of asphalt. The western boundary to the main lawn is formed by a memorial of young trees planted in August last by Lady Duff.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Care of Children.

During the warm months of the year children should spend nearly the whole of their days in the open air, even eating and drinking and taking their morning naps out of doors if it can possibly be managed. There is an old fashioned prejudice against children being allowed to sleep in the open air, but this probably arose from the fact that in the old fashioned perambulator the child's head was apt to fall into bad positions. The modern perambulator, however, is at once a bed and a carriage, and there is no objection whatever to children sleeping in it in warm weather if their faces are properly protected from the sun.

Youngsters should never be allowed to run in the sun unless provided with white linen sunbonnets to protect the back of the head, and these should have several thicknesses of linen, as the ordinary thin muslin bonnets or hats are not sufficient protection. A thickness of flannel under the hat is often very useful. Children should never be permitted first to run about until they are in a profuse perspiration and then sit down and allow the moisture to cool upon them, as they are thus rendered very liable to take cold, the temperature of the bodies being lowered by the rapid evaporation from the skin. If they are found to be perspiring profusely or their clothes are wet, they should be taken indoors, undressed, rubbed down with a towel and then dressed in dry clothes.

In hot weather between the hours of 11 and 12 a. m. and 4 p. m. it is, as a rule, unwise to let children play unsheltered, unless it should happen to be a cloudy or breezy day. The effect of great heat is to exhaust the forces and disturb the digestion, but it is a good plan, if possible, to have a tent out of doors where the children can rest during the heat of the day and take their meals in summer.

A lady I know who lives in a London suburb and has a garden attached to her house, although not at all well off, saved up a small amount weekly from her housekeeping bills to buy such a tent and told me she was amply repaid for the expenditure in the improved health of herself and children.—New York Dispatch.

Gracious Empress Elizabeth.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria was recently spending a few days at Lintz. One morning she started for a long walk in the environs of the town, accompanied only by a lady in waiting. Suddenly it began to rain, but the empress opened her umbrella and continued on her way. Near the hamlet of Windlingen she noticed a little child, who had taken refuge from the storm under the branches of a great tree. The empress asked the little one a few questions about the neighborhood and was about to continue her walk when the child asked:

"Dear madame, I beg you to take me under your umbrella."

The request was granted, and the three marched on toward the village, the empress asking the child about her family, her duties at school and the people of the hamlet.

When the rain ceased, the child, the daughter of a peasant, bade her companions farewell. The empress, however, made her a present of the gold handled umbrella that she might "not get wet when it rained again."

"But, dear madame," remarked the child, her eyes wide open with wonder, "you must be rich if you can buy a new umbrella!"

Her majesty smiled and kissed the girl goodby. A few days later she took a drive in the same neighborhood and saw the child parading up and down the village streets with her umbrella, followed by her playmates. Her majesty greeted her little friend and was recognized by some of the older inhabitants of the village, who soon informed the parents of the girl to whom the present was due. The umbrella is now a sacred relic in the peasant home.

Divided Skirts.

Divided skirts, unless they are so short as to be almost grotesque, are much more inconvenient than the ordinary costume. Of course holding up the skirt has its unpleasant features, but it is scarcely more difficult to hold up the petticoat than to pull the divided up so that it shall not get wet or muddy, and once this gets drabbled the last state of the wearer is infinitely worse than the first. She can sit down and tuck her feet a little bit under her and get away from immediate contact with her damp skirts, but with the divided skirt clinging around her ankles her condition is hopeless in the extreme. Furthermore, there are women, plenty of them, who can walk through the muddiest streets for hours and come home without a scrap or stain of the earth earthy on their garments unless perchance they get spattered from some street car or the feet of some passing horse. Women who can get about in this way consider themselves highly accomplished. Those who cannot are loud in their expressions of amazement as to how it is done, but it is simply a matter of care and practice. Any woman can learn it if she takes the trouble. It is only necessary to wear a comfortably short petticoat. Then gather the skirts, not at the side, but from the back, and raise them very slightly with one hand.

The acceptable and desirable model for the coming dress reform is yet to be created. Certain it is that neither the bloomer, the divided skirt nor the Turkish trousers and overgaiters fill the bill. Even for bicycling the divided skirt is next thing to a failure.—New York Ledger.

THE LATEST IN HATS.

The hat on the left is of foundation covered with point de gene lace. The crown is of bunched ribbon. The hat at the right is of white fancy straw with iridescent wire gauze ribbon and a bunch of wheat ears. The bonnet in the center is of porcupine straw, trimmed with enormous bows of ribbon, and a deep fall of lace in front. The lower left figure shows the arrangement of the trimming in the back. This is the Marie Louise bonnet, and one of the styles expected to be most prominent next fall and winter.

A man went into a restaurant the other day and took a seat on a stool. He looked at the bill of fare a minute and then beckoned to the waiter. "Hay," he said, "gimme some veal."

"What's that, sir?" asked the waiter as he brushed a lot of crumbs into the man's lap and handed him a glass of water in which his thumb was immersed beyond the first joint.

"Gimme some veal."

"Veal?"

"Yes, veal."

The waiter wandered off to the kitchen and held an animated conversation with the cook. Pretty soon he came back and put a plate of dark red meat in front of the customer and began to pay close attention to the electric fan.

The customer turned the meat over curiously with his fork. He inspected it on both sides. Then he said, "Hay, waiter, come here!"

The waiter walked over and leaned on the counter.

"I asked for veal," said the customer inquiringly.

"Yes."

"This hain't veal. It's roast beef."

"Roast beef?" repeated the waiter in great astonishment.

"Yes, roast beef."

The waiter turned to walk away. "Well," he said, "what's roast beef but veal in its second childhood? You gimme a pain."—Buffalo Express.

A Professional.

Kitty—Just think, Will Lover has been engaged five times this year!

Tom—If he doesn't look out, he'll lose his amateur standing.—Brooklyn Life.

None at All.

The Poet—You see, I don't want it known that I am a poet.

She—But that is no reason why you shouldn't sign your name to it.—Life.

Just the Thing.

Rimester—I don't seem to understand this poem I have just finished myself.

Reeder—Send it to the magazines.—Truth.

Struck at Last!

A sure cure for coughs and colds. "Snow's Pine Expectorant" is guaranteed. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Step in at Stansfield's and get a glass of Soda Water.

NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

And So the Man Who Left Buffalo Moved On.

"My dear man," he began as he stopped a policeman on the Campus Martius the midnight the other night, "I want to ask a great favor of you—a great favor."

"Well, sir?" was the curt reply.

"I left Buffalo for Chicago the other day. I have many reasons for believing that I have arrived in Chicago, but yet a perfidious doubt insists on entering my mind. Now, then, can you see your way clear to telling me whether I am in Chicago or not?"

"Of course you are not. You are in Detroit!"

"In Detroit? That is a town about half way between Buffalo and Chicago, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sometimes called the City of Straits?"

"Yes, sir."

"Because it is a town of straight people?"

"What do you want?" queried the officer, leaving the question to take care of itself.

"Queer—very queer! I start from Buffalo for Chicago, and I find myself in Detroit. I walk around town for three hours hunting for my friend Doboy of the police force, and, not finding him, a perfidious doubt begins to develop itself. I approach you and ask for information, and I find that Chicago and Doboy are still 280 miles farther toward the setting sun. I can't make it out. Can you?"

"No, sir!" stiffly replied the officer.

"Would you call it a case of absent-mindedness?"

"It might be that."

"Or could I have suddenly lost my identity? People do suddenly lose their identity, you know."

"I expect they do."

"Hold! Could I have been in that condition known as inebriated?" anxiously asked the stranger.

"Very likely!" grimly replied the officer. "Is that all you want to know?"

"About all. Stay a moment, however. I spoke of Doboy. He has implicit confidence in me. Should I ask him for a dime with which to"——

"Move on, sir!" interrupted the officer.

"Toward Chicago?"

"Yes, sir, move on!"

"Move on toward Chicago because of Doboy and that dime?"

"Exactly! Move on, or I'll run you in!"

"Very well. I move. I move toward Chicago. I decrease the distance between myself and Doboy. When I finally reach him I shall murmur: "Doboy, old man, beware of Detroit, the city of the crooked! Beware of a big, overgrown, hard hearted, avaricious, wabbled kneed, red eyed"——

The officer rushed for him, but his club only beat against a soft, damp shadow of the night.—Detroit Free Press.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrah that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrah Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersighned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Constipation or Sick Headache? If so, why not try Beggs' Little Giant Pills? It only takes one pill a day; forty pills in a bottle. One bottle will cure you, and only costs 25 cents. Sold and warranted by W. R Kennady.

Come out and see those cold storage rooms at the Moeser ice mf'g plant.